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[From the "LIFE AND WORKS OF MOZART," by OULIBICHEFF.]

OPERA BEFORE MOZART.

(Concluded.)

IV.

GLUCK AND PICCINI.

GLUCK was even greater as a thinker than as a musician. From grounds of reflection, the *Opera Seria*, to which he had paid the tribute of his youth, accompanied by the most brilliant success, in Italy, disgusted him; and he began to reflect radically upon the conditions of lyric tragedy, tried to bring them into application in his *Orfeo*, and developed them in writing in the preface to his *Alceste*, which he dedicated to the grand duke of Tuscany. In this remarkable piece, in which the rule goes before the example, GLUCK points out all the faults of the musical and poetical composition of the Italian opera and unfolds his system, which he founds upon the principle of lyric-dramatic truth, whose application he extends to all parts of the opera, which he binds strictly together, exterminating all accessory ornaments as superfluous, substituting accurate expression of the words for forms introduced in the interests of routine and of the singers, ordering the movement of the music by the action, and making the poet in everything the indispensable counsellor and inseparable guide of the musician. These maxims, to which GLUCK's scores furnish the best commentary and at this day the best criticism upon whatever there may be extravagant in them, contained nothing but the principles of the French composers. The

distinction between them and GLUCK however, consists in this, that they entirely lost sight of their end in the means of execution and that GLUCK was not the man to be deceived in that way. The followers of LULLI very honestly imagined, that they only needed to imitate materially the inflexion and the shades of the voice, which characterize such and such passions in every day life. When they had let rage, remorse and revenge howl, when they had indicated such moods as despondency, sorrow and lamentation by smothered tones, they fancied they had done all, and no one thought of the melodic sense or nonsense, which might result from the putting together of their hollow-ringing and shrieking notes; the selections of chords troubled them about as little, provided they were always full and noisy. Moreover they had remarked, that the passions in reality announce themselves not only by the motion, but also by the higher or lower tones of the voice; that some express themselves rapidly, others slowly, and that as a general rule in speaking we do not follow a definite rhythm. Hence they thought it clearly followed, that, if they changed the movement and the measure with every word, and made the rhythm so irregular, as to disturb every impression and cause all sense of unity to vanish from the music, they attained the highest possible degree of truth. In this way the French composers drew their conclusions, owing to the false theory of their time, which placed music in the category of the so-called imitative arts; and it was this that made it, leaving execution out of the question, so intolerable to foreigners.

To declare, that a musician like GLUCK could not have made such wretched mistakes, would still be no great compliment for him. GLUCK, not only understood the true, more various and more powerful declamation better than all the musicians before him; he also knew, that the chief effects and the most essential significance of music lay in its own proper elements, and that therefore, to found musical tragedy, it was not enough to perfect the Recitative and measured declamation, the only kind of song, which admits of a free and almost ideal intonation of the speaking voice; but that there was need, especially, of arias, choruses and concerted pieces, whose dramatic expression is brought out by means of melody, accords and rhythm;—things, which have absolutely no material resemblance with speech.

If we consult a comparative view of the musical statistics of Europe, from the time when GLUCK projected his plan, we shall easily convince ourselves that France was the only land which could and would receive it. Italy would have put its originator under ban as a heresiarch, the public would have made merry at his expense, and the singers would have treated him very much as the Bacchantes did the hero of his Vienna opera, the *Orfeo*. Germany, which in the opera was still tributary to Italy, Hasse's Germany, would have been quite as backward about recognizing GLUCK, as it was twenty years afterwards about understanding MOZART. France on the contrary, was entirely ready to receive the new lyric-dramatic code, which was nothing but the completion and perfection of its own. The reigning masters of its royal academy, the numerous battalions of its orchestra, its singers, its chorists and its dancers, the pens of its poets, seemed only to be waiting for a musician. GLUCK came and accomplished that, of which the Florentines had dreamed; he solved the great problem of lyric tragedy, so far as it was possible. Imagine with what enthusiasm and with what intoxication a people, for whom dramatic excitements formed the highest mental satisfaction, welcomed the reality of a musical drama, after already worshipping its shadow in the shapeless productions of their native composers. The national party, far from disquieting themselves about the triumphs of a foreigner, spontaneously recognized him as their interpreter and their head;—a proof that GLUCK had thoroughly understood how to seize the thought and taste of the nation; the thought, which they had well comprehended, without being able to realize it; the taste, which accepted alternation, because it promised them a new enjoyment. This was an immense success, unheard of in the annals of the theatre, which rose even to illusion and to madness. When the learned world saw that RACINE's tragedies were mercilessly cut to pieces to make operas of them, that *Iphigenia* had already fallen under the shears of an arranger, which went to work a thousand times more savagely than Calchas's steel, it raised a shriek of dissatisfaction and of terror. LAHARPE already was alarmed lest all the gods of the French Parnassus, flung together in a hecatomb, were to be slaughtered on the altars of the German idol. LAHARPE turned Piccinist, as men once turned monks, to testify to their abhorrence for the abominations of the

time. And who were they who lavished their almost frantic applause on a composer, whose innovations the musical nations had rejected as assaults upon the sovereign orthodoxy of the Italian opera? They were the mass of the French public, the most ignorant and barbarous of men, genuine *Bæotians*, musically speaking! And GLUCK's opponents, the Piccinists, who were they? The music-lovers of the great world, young musicians, the hope of the country, literati, who give the tone. J. J. ROUSSEAU, theorist and composer, GRIMM, the pearl of dilettantists, LAHARPE, MARMONTEL; it was the *élite* of Parisian society, who strengthened that crowd of foreigners belonging to the higher classes, which incessantly, in an ever constant mass attaches itself to the Parisian population. This whole world of connoisseurs were without exception Piccinists. The *Bæotians* on the contrary declared themselves unanimously for GLUCK.

To-day, now that seventy years of musical and other revolutions have passed over this celebrated dispute, which drew all France and Europe into the war between two musicians, what shall posterity think, and what report of it? Were we to keep in view the music only, we could not comprehend that any difference of opinion could here prevail. If any one should now, with spectacles on nose, place the belligerent scores upon the table before him, and with his head full of the present music, he would ask if it were true, if it were credible, if it were possible that the scales could have wavered between two men like GLUCK and PICCINI as tragic composers! Can he comprehend how, between two men, of whom one was something only because he was esteemed the rival of the other, the ignorant could have judged like connoisseurs, and the connoisseurs like ignorant ones! The only possibly comparison between these two men he will say, is this: that GLUCK was the father of the lyric tragedy, and PICCINI the father of the buffo opera, of which I am heartily fond, and of which the *Cecchina* or the "Good Daughter" presents itself to me as the first complete pattern.

But the whole wonder of this paradoxical fact vanishes upon examination. Although the ignorant crowd gave GLUCK the preference, still it continued what it was, ignorant, incapable of judging music outside of the theatre, and deaf to beauty as to the most repulsive faults in execution; but we have already said, that in this crowd eager for dramatic excitements, the piece and the artists found about as many enlightened judges, as the hall held men. GLUCK's declamation carried lyric-dramatic effect as far as it was possible; the singers, whose musical sense only needed a composer, to become quickened, must have entered more into the spirit of their parts; they sang, or if you will, *screamed*, with more soul and energy; they became better tragedians, in surrendering themselves to the wholly new impressions (for them) of a fiery, swift, impassioned, infinitely true and inspiring music, in which looks, gestures and attitudes seemed to grow together with the notes. That was what charmed the public. On the other hand, these works also considerably favored the musical education of the French, for which the comic opera had already laid the basis. The grand and yet so simple thoughts of GLUCK, his melodies so solemn, his harmony so enchainning and yet so natural, found entrance to French ears, although they were of horn, according to the

Italian saying; they found the speedier entrance, that GLUCK's style is not difficult to understand. For the first time that people, so obstinately wedded to his opera, learned that music is an enjoyment of itself, one of the liveliest, in truth. What distinctions, what signs of approbation were sufficient for the man, who had endowed them with a new sense! The multitude judged instinctively and did not err, which would infallibly have been the case, even if they had had to follow the flight of a HANDEL or a MOZART. But GLUCK knew the measure of their powers and contented himself with restoring the drama with energy, nobility and truth, without pretending to raise it to a poetic power above the poetry of words.

The lovers of music, who judged not as knowers, but as half-knowers, preferred PICCINI upon grounds, which commonly decide a man's contemporaries; upon the same grounds, which long since allowed the music of this master to fall into oblivion, and which have kept GLUCK's music living to this day. The Italian composer gave melodies for execution, which were more involved, more brilliant in their novelty, and which for fifty years moulded the fashionable taste of Europe. GLUCK on the other hand avoided just these forms, because they were not suited to his psychological inductions, or to that striving for the True, which led him constantly in all his labors. To the dilettanti he appeared less pleasing, less adapted to the times. Thus do the men of an epoch, or the representatives of the momentary taste, always reason about the men who are of all times.

Gluckists and Piccinists still always live and fight under other names, like the systems which they represent. Each has the right to live; a continuation of the strife, however, would be profitless, because there are means of coming to a mutual understanding. Both systems correspond to wants too different, for them to exclude one another or only live in mutual competition. If one is equally fond of theatre and music, and takes pleasure in forgetting the singer in the person, he will hear GLUCK and his legitimate successors, MEHUL, CHERUBINI, SPONTINI, WEBER and even MEYERBEER in his fine moments. In their school, Rome and Greece, the East of the patriarchs and the West of the enchanters, Achilles and Licinius, Joseph and Simeon, Max and Agatha, will speak to one's soul, like the spirit of the poetic age of the world and the spirit of the marvellous Saga; there is enough therein to engage all that one has of feeling and imagination, of dramatic intelligence and musical passion; and that is an enjoyment. But look for nothing in an *opera seria*, which bears the reproach of a ten-dollar libretto, and is not worthy even of that. On the other hand it has to bring out singers, who are paid eighty thousand francs, but who would not get a quarter of this sum, if they limited their vocal achievements to what the truth of a situation or a character requires; singers too, whose talent (we confess) is such, that one forgets the person and the piece entirely in the singer, and would be very indignant at the theatrical illusion, if it dared to interpose itself between the artist and the public. But to be able to hear singers, who have reached the summit of the mechanical and æsthetic perfection of their art, is also an enjoyment and indeed so great an enjoyment, that there is none for which we pay more

fondly and more dearly. Of these two enjoyments one can prefer the one or the other from taste or from principle; but it is my opinion, we may love them both and enjoy them by turns, without one injuring the other.

I have dwelt upon GLUCK, and truly for good reasons. There were musicians of greater genius, but no one, I believe, whose works could have been more useful for the future. He is the founder of the sublime theatre music and the first, who has left us monuments of dramatic opera in his scores. All the forms of declamation and accompaniment, which he has created, still glimmer through the most sterling operas of our period, and time has held his operas in such esteem, that we may look upon him merely as the older brother among his scholars of the nineteenth century.

THE SHAPE AND MODEL OF THE VIOLIN. To the violinist there is almost as much of beauty in the form of a perfectly modelled instrument as there is of sweetness in its tones; and, as in all cases of natural organization, this exterior beauty is intimately connected with the perfect efficiency of the object for the purposes for which it is intended—the tone of the violin depending upon the exact proportion and perfect adjustment of its parts. It may well be questioned whether any conceivable alteration in the form and construction of the violin could by possibility be an improvement. Its contour is a sequence of lines of beauty; its model, in exact obedience to the rigid laws of proportion, falls into graceful profiles; in a word, it may be instanced as a faultless illustration of the beauty of fitness, even to the consummate grace of the scroll which terminates the neck of the instrument.

The oldest makers may be supposed to have determined their contours (as we have little doubt the Greek Sculptors and architects did in those remains which exist only to foil the researches of formalists) by hand and by eye. We know not whether we are safe in saying that Anthony Stradivarius was the first to reduce the principles of construction to communicable rule. What M. Vuillaume can so readily and so accurately determine in his "Copies," was, it is obvious, previously perfectly systematized in the inventor's mind. Stradivarius, besides the most rigid adherence to uniform principle in the outlines, maintained a system of gradients in the thicknesses of the parts throughout.

It is not every one who is aware that no less than fifty-eight pieces go to make up a violin; or employing twice the reckoned number of pieces in the purfling (as Choron and Lafage do in the *Manuel de Musique*), the number of parts amounts to seventy. These pieces are as follows:—two for the back; two for the belly; six for the blocks at the top, bottom, and four corners; six for the sides; twelve for the lining for the sides; one bass bar; twelve for the purfling: one rest for tail-piece; one neck; one finger-board; one tail-piece; four pegs; one nut; one button for the tail-piece; four strings; one catgut or wire to connect the tail-piece with the button; one sound post; one bridge.—Cocks's Musical Miscellany.

☞ In Vienna, on the same spot where the author of Don Juan—that *chef d'œuvre*, for which, by the way, he only received eight ducats—died, there is now a very handsome building, called the *Hôtel de Mozart*. In the Faubourg of the *Josephstadt*, there still exists a small beer-shop, called the Blue Bottle, where Mozart was constantly in the habit of going. It was in the garden belonging to this house that he wrote the greater portion of the *Magic Flute*. It is well known, that no one has yet discovered the last resting place of this great master. His contemporaries treated his manuscripts with the same indifference they did him. All his papers remained thrust away under his piano for more

than eight years. In 1799, M. André bought them for 1000 crowns; in 1837, he offered them to the Imperial Library for 20,000 florins, but his offer was not accepted.

[Correspondence of the London Musical World.]

The Musical Festival at Ballenstedt.

On the morning of the 21st of June, this little town was early in commotion from the numerous visitors which the Festival and the charming scenery of the Hartz Mountains had attracted thither. Crowds wended their way to the Schloss (Castle,) the beautiful rock scenery of the Rosstrappe, der Regenstein, and the far-famed Brock-en, so well remembered through Kind's story of *Der Freyschütz*. The Singing Societies of several neighboring towns had contributed to form an orchestra of about 500 performers, 350 vocalists, and 150 instrumentalists, the whole under the direction of Dr. Franz Liszt. The programme was made by the latter eminent composer, and deserves our fullest praise. The first day's performance was as follows:

1. Overture, "Der Tannhäuser," by R. Wagner.
2. Duet from "Der Fliegende Holländer," by R. Wagner.
3. Harp fantasia on "Oberon," executed by Mlle. Rosalie Spohr.
4. "Die Macht der Musik" (the power of music) soprano solo, with orchestra, by F. Liszt.
5. Grand Fantasia for Piano and Orchestra, with Chorus, by Beethoven, performed by Herr Von Bülow.
6. Grand Scene from "Orpheus," by Gluck.
7. Symphonie (9th,) with Vocal Chorus, on Schiller's Ode "To Joy," by Beethoven.

The second day's performance included the following pieces:

1. Overture to the opera, "King Alfred," by J. Raff.
2. "Das Liebesmahl der Apostel," for male voices, by R. Wagner.
3. "Harold," Grand Symphony, by Berlioz.
4. "Die Walpurgisnacht," Mendelssohn.

The Riding School belonging to the Ducal Palace was tastefully decorated for the occasion. It held 3000 persons. The seat occupied by Liszt was ornamented with flowers and evergreens, fantastically wreathed. The public and the orchestra received the great pianist with the loudest acclamations, knowing well what they had to expect from such a conductor. The overture and duet, by Wagner, were received with great favor. But who is that charming young girl, dressed in black, with that beautifully formed arm, and flowing hair? It is Rosalie Spohr, the genius of the harp, niece of the great Spohr, who draws forth such bell-like tones from the instrument, that I never heard surpassed by Parish-Alvars or Schaller, and which I certainly never expect to hear surpassed. Rosalie Spohr may be entitled the Liszt of the Harp. Herr Von Bülow (from Weimar) played the fantasia by Beethoven in first-rate style, and fully came up to the favorable opinion expressed of him by his master, Liszt. Mlle. Franziska Schreck's (from Erfurt) beautiful contralto voice was heard to great advantage in the grand scene from "Orpheus," and in the vocal portions allotted to her in the choral symphony. The chorus and orchestra deserve the highest praise for their exertions, and for the manner in which they executed their arduous tasks.

A. Z.

Anecdotes of Beethoven.

HIS DISREGARD OF RULE. In the year 1810, a certain composer (Herr H—) published a Sonata of his own composition, and dedicated it to Beethoven. Upon his presenting a copy to Beethoven, the latter examined its pages, and pointed out several grammatical errors. Herr H— made bold to observe, that Herr V. Beethoven had also allowed himself many harmonic liberties. Beethoven replied, with a smiling countenance, "I dare do so, but you may not." (*Ich darf es thun, aber Sie nicht.*)

THE MEASURE OF LENGTH. When Beethoven heard of his Sinfonia Eroica having been pronounced too long, he said, "It will be found short enough if I write one to occupy two hours in performance."

[From the Carpet Bag.]

THE HEART'S HYMN.

Thank God! I've lived to see
The boughs of the withered tree
Put forth its leaves
To the warm sunshine of better days!
The golden sheaves
Of Hope are bound,
And garnered up in sound
Of the heart's soft lays;
The dried-up fountain
Is singing gay,
And the mist from the mountain
Is cleared away:
The wing of the dove
No longer bleeds,
But soars above
Through the azure meads;
Winter has bound up his icy hair,
And Spring hath decked it with blossoms rare;
I hear no longer the wild wind's blow,
Nor the digging away of the drifted snow;
All is happy, without a frown,
Like Ocean's forehead when storms are down.
And the sun is dressing the waters blue
In mantles of many a brilliant hue;
The tear-wet eyes
Of the heart are bright,
And stars arise
In its cheerless night;
A heart is plighted,
And sang its hymn,
A fire is lighted,
Which will not dim.

I thank thee, God, that I have seen

The darkness fade away,
That I am not what I have been,
A night without a day;
A flower from light shut out,
A lamb without a fold,
A ship in the whirlwind's rout,
A bird in the winter's cold;
A wretch that bends the knee
At the well in the desert dry,
A corpse drifted out to sea
In the gloom of a starless sky.

OSCAR G. HUGHAN.

[From Cocks's Musical Miscellany.]

Provision for the Musicians.

Men of genius are proverbially improvident. Everybody knows this. All the world—people of genius, and people without genius—repeat this established truism as often as the merits of the gifted race come to be canvassed. In short, in this formula is believed to be comprehended the whole history of the species.

But the calculating and sensible part of the world, who really can put two ideas together, that is, connect premises and consequences so as to frame a syllogism, might, with a little thought, arrive at the inference that the whole history of the man of genius cannot be comprehended within this superficial view. Careless self-indulgence never produced "Paradise Lost," or the "Hallelujah Chorus." There must be a portion of the history of the man of genius hidden from public view, and strangely at variance with the preconceived notions of his utter want of forethought.

In truth, the very essence of his being is an incessant looking towards a future. To this future he makes a full and uncompromising sacrifice of the present. He knows, with the unerring intuition of genius, that this future may arrive when his heart is withered in the life-struggle—in those remote and evil days when he shall say, "I have no pleasure in them." He knows that it may not unlikely be deferred, even beyond the term of his natural life, and only shed its radiance upon his lowly grave. Still he looks forward, and postpones every consideration of present convenience to the glorious future of his visioned hope. Such is the improvidence of genius!

It is almost inevitable, then, that he be found negligent of most of those precautions which matter-of-fact people estimate as making up the sum total of the virtue called prudence. The question involves to a very great extent the history of musical men; because amongst them genius, perhaps from the inspiring nature of their art, more abounds than amongst any other class of people. It may be well, then, to call their attention to the mode in which their peculiar constitution of mind operates upon their daily habits, and influences their worldly fortunes.

In the first place, they are of necessity prevented from giving that whole and exclusive attention to their secular interests which men of business well know is the *sine qua non* of success in the world. Their thoughts are otherwise engaged—pre-occupied with their art. In the second place, the same pre-occupation prevents their acquiring that *savoir faire* in which practical knowledge of the world is understood to consist. In the third place, the pursuit of their high calling communicates an elevation to their way of thinking, which leads them to rate, perhaps below its real value, that pecuniary success which has so marked an influence on the position of men among a commercial people. And fourthly, they are precluded from due adherence to Poor Richard's maxims of economy—prevented amassing those small savings which grow to wealth—because the procuring the means of carrying on their studies absorbs all their proverbially small means. The purchase of expensive instruments, and expensive books, frequently has left, and we know literal instances, the incipient professor actually without a meal. We know instances of improvident musicians, since so you persist in calling them, whose bookshelves are the only portion of their apartments decently furnished. Poor young Haydn bought his first books of instruction with money that had been sent him from home to get his clothes mended; and studied them with his jacket out at elbows. They value the means of progress more than the means of life, and sacrifice everything to the one pursuit. Paganini had once lost all he had at the play-table, except his violin, and actually consented to part with his vice sooner than with his violin.

It is a very poor philosophy which attempts to explain these notable phenomena in the history of the human species under the general idea of vulgar improvidence, and to assemble in the same category the musician so absorbed in the future as to forget his present necessities, and the mindless sot who spends his weekly wages in Saturday-night's excesses, or the rake who exhausts his quarterly receipt upon Epsom downs. This classification is but one of the modes in which mediocrity avenges itself of superior talent. Improvidence is not the exact word for the thing intended, although we sorrowfully admit that it exposes its victim to all the penalties of genuine common-place improvidence.

We almost fear that, under any probable improvement in the arrangement of society, the musician's pecuniary gains must continue to be but small, comparatively speaking. Large fortunes are not readily made out of counterpoint. The notes of the scale are not easily negotiable. We will say nothing of the great singers who are pretty well paid; and we only wish them happiness in the enjoyment of their fair gains. Madame Goldschmidt—(it is very tantalizing to be obliged to travestie thus a sweet familiar name)—by her fine talent has done what, no doubt, sundry individuals of less merit have done contemporaneously by a single lucky speculation in hops or indigo, namely, amassed a fortune. But musicians, in general, must make up their accounts for something very far inferior to this as the result of their labors and studies. They must continue, as they do, to look for their principal reward in their art itself. They must, according to Beethoven's good-humored joke, be content to be *Hirnbesitzern* (proprietors of brains), for they have little chance of becoming *Gutsbesitzern* (proprietors of estates): they must, in fine, modify Mr. Skimpole's petition, and ask of the world the little boon, to let them live and pursue their art.

The remuneration of teaching, which forms a large proportion of the professor's returns, must, we fear, continue to be a very limited source of revenue, distributed as it is amongst a very numerous professing body. Under any circumstances, and in all ranks of life, people find the education of a family a very onerous charge. And, according to prevailing habits of thought, the material takes precedence of the abstract and intellectual in the estimation of parents. The tailor, the shoemaker, and even the merchant of bon-bons, are paid without grudging, because they give a tangible *quid pro quo*. In the other case there is no obvious "value received." State and equipage are willingly paid for, because they attract public notice and win homage. The labors of the teacher, like the calls of the doctor's boy, tend only to promote well-being and increase expense. Forty pounds a-year is well bestowed upon a burly footman or an agile courier; but the eight pounds annually assigned to the governess is looked at with the evil eye: "it is a great deal of money for so little; and the children really do not get on so well as when aunt Jane taught them; and then, you know, it cost nothing!"

Professors, then, can hardly hope, as a rule, to be able to lay by, like the ant of the Proverbs, a plentiful provision—that is all the ant has to do in its little life, and it lives in the midst of plenty. Unfortunately, moreover, they have not, and from the nature of their pursuits, as we have seen, they can scarcely have, that peculiar knack, the result of long habit, of making a little go a great way. Still there are methods which are found available by all sorts of persons, of making provision for a season of need, more particularly that season of continuous need, old age, without any great present sacrifice, or any intolerable strain upon the deliberative faculties.

We have included musicians in the general category of men of genius; but it is not to be assumed that we have been describing to the letter all the individuals who make up that class. We have depicted in the excess those qualities to which all men of a certain order of mind have a tendency. Careful early education, habits of self-control, and the power of dominant will may go far to correct or completely neutralize those tendencies. And musicians, and other artists, may no doubt be found, who, to intense energy in the pursuit of art, unite care and forethought in the conduct of their daily life.

But there are methods, as we hinted, by which those whose income is uncertain and precarious, and who are liable to sudden and unforeseen interruptions in their pursuits, may protect themselves against the consequences of the untoward chances of life; and we should be glad to believe that professors generally availed themselves of these protective means. There are the Savings' Banks; but these only enable a man to secure what he has gained; and we fear that musicians are not very extensively found among the contributors to these institutions. Mechanics, who earn five shillings a-day, can easily contrive, and do in numbers contrive, to lay by enough to make their age comfortable. Many professors will tell us the requirements of their situation leave them no surplus: on the contrary, that they are obliged to draw on future contingencies. Of course, they cannot amass.

The mechanic, again, by a trifling monthly contribution to a club, is provided for during periods of illness, and finds relief under some of the greater calamities of life. Trade unions afford a partial supply to their members when out of employ. No provision of this kind exists for professional men.

Building Societies and Freehold Land Societies afford excellent modes of investing a surplus; but advice how to invest surplus capital is not exactly what professors generally stand in need of.

The system of Life Assurance affords a very effective means of making a provision for a family in the event of the premature decease of the parent. But we are not sure that our professional friends very generally avail themselves of such Institutions. The principle on which those societies are founded is sound. The contributions of

the assured actually pay in the aggregate all the policies as they fall in, and leave a profit. The sacrifice in the shape of premium is but trifling; but then it requires that every one should study the principle of the societies before he can have any confidence in their operation; and this, perhaps, one reason why the musician, whose thoughts are not generally very mathematical, although he professes a mathematical science, may not often be found to avail himself of the advantages afforded by these societies.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

TO —

BY O. W. WITHERINGTON.

When from the friends thou lovest,
On the blue wave thou rovest,
When every thing thou meetest,
Is to thy vision sweetest,
Absent—shall I inherit
One Thought of thy pure Spirit?

When Ocean sings around thee,
And novel charms have bound thee,
When thy young Soul rejoices
In strange and thrilling voices,
Wilt thou, from all retreating,
Send me one Spirit greeting?

When the wild Sea-Bird only
Flies o'er thy pathway lonely,
When Voice of Storm and Sailor
Shall make thy rose-cheek paler,
Wilt thou, across the Ocean,
Waft me one Soul emotion?

When wave and storm thou fearest,
May I be with thee, dearest—
A Vision o'er thy pillow,
A Spirit on the billow,
A Dream where'er thou goest,
A Spell thou only knowest.

Wilt thou, to others Real,
Be still my own Ideal!
Them sweetly, kindly meeting,
Give me thy Spirit-greeting—
Smiling on them forever,
But leaving me O! never!

THE BOB-O-LINK.

Merrily sings the fluttering Bob-o-link,
Whose trilling song above the meadow floats;
The eager air speeds tremulous to drink
The bubbling sweetness of the liquid notes,
Whose silver cadences do rise and sink,
Shift, glide, and shiver, like the trembling notes
In the full gush of sunset; one might think
Some potent charm had turned the auroral flame
Of the night-kindling North to harmony,
That in one gurgling rush of sweetness came,
Mocking the ear as once it mocked the eye,
With varying beauties twinkling fitfully.
Low hovering in the air his song he sings
As if he shook it from his trembling wings.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES. "You wouldn't believe it," said an amateur upon the violin to a friend, to whom he explained the difficulty of performing upon this instrument; "you wouldn't believe it, how horrible it sounds if you only put your finger half an inch too high or too low upon the string!"

THE KINGDOM OF HARMONY. Castil Blase, the founder of musical criticism in France, and translator and arranger of more than twenty of the works of Weber, Rossini and Mozart, which have made the fortune of the theatres, has just published the first volume of his *Molière Musicien*, a work of great originality, written in his peculiar style, full of rare and curious anecdotes, and containing a history of music from the beginning of the 17th century. He distributes the first offices

and dignities in the past Empire of Harmony thus:—

MOZART . . .	King.
GLUCK . . .	Prime Minister.
MEHUL . . .	First Secretary.
HANDEL . . .	Minister of Worship.
HAYDN . . .	Chancellor.
BEETHOVEN . .	Generalissimo.
CERUBINI . . .	Minister of Public Instruction.
BACH (Sebastian)	Minister of Justice.
WEBER (C. M.) .	Intendant of the Opera.
SPOHR . . .	Master of the Chapel Royal.
MENDELSSOHN .	Minister General of Concerts.
PAER . . .	Keeper of Museum of Antiquities.
MEYERBEER . .	Banker of the Court.
ROSSINI . . .	Furnisher of the Crown Diamonds.
SPONTINI . . .	Artillerist.

Fine Arts.

SEPULCHRAL MONUMENT. It is worth a visit to the atelier of the sculptor, Mr. JOSEPH CAREW, 143 Harrison Avenue, to see a beautiful work, which he has just completed, and which would look far more in harmony with the shades of Mt. Auburn or of Forest Hill, than the fantastical, ambitious piles too often reared to the memory of the dead, or rather, one must sometimes fear, to the vain-glory of the living.

This monument, which is all of pure white marble, consists of a pedestal, from the four corners of which rise pillars supporting a chaste entablature surmounted by a flat dome. Under this marble canopy stands the image of a noble boy, with one hand resting on a truncated column, the other holding a wreath of flowers. He is looking up, as if suddenly arrested in his innocent play (his ball lies at his feet) by a voice from heaven; a finger, too, unconsciously lifted, shows that his whole being is attention.—Such a monument it would be sweet to see in the green spot where lives the memory of some dear child early called away.

There are some interesting busts, classic medallions, &c., also at Mr. Carew's, which betray the sterling artist feeling of this industrious multiplier of the forms of beauty.

MR. THOMAS CAREW, brother of the above, and author of the fine bust of the venerable Dr. Pierce, which adorns the library at Harvard, has lately executed a striking head of the Hon. HORACE MANN. It may be seen at his studio in School street.

MEYER'S UNIVERSUM. (New York: Hermann J. Meyer, 164 William St.) Three half-monthly numbers have now been published of this unique and valuable serial. It is based upon, and in the main translated from, the German work of the same name, in which through several years has been accumulated a vast amount of geographical, pictorial and statistical information about nearly all of the most famous places on the globe. Each number contains four well executed steel engravings of famous scenes and buildings, accompanied by several pages of letter-press description and comment. These are generally written with much point and vigor, and animated by a hopeful and humanitarian spirit. The American edition, which is under the editorial charge of Mr. CHARLES A. DANA, of the New York *Tribune*, will include many new articles and illustrations, and we see no reason why the work should not go on indefinitely and acquire as universal a popularity here, as it has done in Germany and indeed in all Europe.

The numbers already issued contain Niagara

Falls, the Tower of London, Fingal's Cave, Constantinople, &c.; and the last number has a picture, of which we copy part of the description, of the celebrated national temple of Art in Bavaria:

THE WALHALLA.

"The Walhalla is the receptacle of the statues of the great men of the nation. Its eastern gable is decorated with a representation of Hermann's victory over the Romans. The western front represents Germany's latest liberation. The interior is illustrated by the art of the sculptor with the complete history of the land, the results and consequences of every contest for German independence.

"The corner-stone of this grand temple of national honor was laid in 1830. The celebrated Klenze sketched the plan after the idea of king Lewis of Bavaria, and guided the architectural execution; the Sculpture, for which Rauch in part prepared the drawings, was entrusted to the immortal Schwanthaler, and his pupils.

"The building represents a Doric temple of white marble, similar to the Parthenon on the hill of the Acropolis at Athens. Its dimensions are vast and imposing:—seventy feet in height, a breadth of a hundred, and a depth of three hundred feet. The roof is supported on each side by a row of colossal pillars, eight of which stand at the two ends, and seventeen at each side. The interior is a vast hall of marble, whose richly checkered ceiling is supported by two rows of Ionic columns. The frieze that passes around the hall, is decorated with bas-reliefs, executed by Wagner in Rome, which represent the ancient history of the Teutonic race, from the time it left the Caucasian country down to the diffusion of Christianity amongst them. Along the army walls of the interior hall, appropriate niches contain the marble busts of those men, who have been the pride of the German nation at all times—her heroes in war, in council, in poetry, in the arts and sciences. In an outer compartment are placed the busts of celebrated contemporaries who are considered worthy to be numbered with the heroes of the Walhalla. Of the one hundred and forty places extant, fifty are as yet unoccupied. All the busts are, so far as it was possible to obtain them, faithful portraits. In a subterranean hall, an archive preserves the biographies of those admitted into the temple. They are written on parchment. King Lewis himself was their biographer. The complete works of the literary celebrities are placed, superbly bound, in a library.

"The Walhalla rests upon substructions built in the Cyclopean style. White marble steps of immense proportions lead up to the terrace of the temple. From the terrace the eye roams across the romantic valley of the Danube, and over the neighboring mountains, the nearest of which is adorned with the picturesque and imposing ruins of the ancient castle of Donaustauf. The cost of the building, although it was originally estimated far lower, was not less than three millions of florins, and it was paid out of the privy purse of the king, to whom impartial judges willingly give the honor of having, in this monument, led back Art to her noblest destination."

Musical Review.

The Child (Das Kind). A Song, by A KREISSMANN. G. P. Reed & Co.

This is one of the sweetest, most naive and graceful of the author's productions. Differing as widely as possible from his "Voice of the Cloud," which we noticed recently, it is fully as original and characteristic in its conception. The melody sings itself easily, as befits the subject, and the accompaniment is very delicately contrived. The German words are given, with a translation by HENRY WARE.

Thou' from Him I love, &c. Song from *Preciosa*. C. M. VON WEBER. Reed & Co.

This little melody, so entirely in the romantic vein of Weber, was well worth publishing. It is not difficult and must become a favorite.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 14, 1852.

Musical Conventions.

The middle of August has now for fifteen years or more been Singing-Masters' and Psalm-Book-Makers' Fair in Boston. The custom of "Conventions," or "Teachers' Classes" has grown to be more or less a custom in many parts of our country. Here at least, in New England, for a musical journal, it is of importance enough to be the topic of the month. One of these bodies is just now in the middle of its ten days' session at the Melodeon in this city. It is one of the offshoots, or rather a coalition, consummated last year, of several offshoots, from the original Convention, which has always until this year, constituted the largest and most formidable nucleus under the guidance of Messrs. Mason and Webb and the auspices of the Boston Academy of Music. Unfortunately, owing to the prolonged stay of Mr. Mason in Europe, and to other untoward circumstances (among which the want of a hall as large as the old Tremont Temple may be mentioned,) this organization does not take the field at all this summer. It will bring the more singers and music-lovers to the meetings of Messrs. Baker and Johnson, which have opened with a goodly show of numbers, including fine materials for a chorus, and with an increase from day to day, to which apparently only the size of the hall will set a limit. Besides, these things, as they go on, become less and less dependent on the individual leader or leaders; they move by their own momentum; and you will find nearly the whole music-teaching and music-learning interest represented at whatsoever Convention may for the time being chance to occupy the field.

The present gathering will suggest matter of comment; but we prefer to wait and weigh it well when it is all over. Meanwhile as a basis for such remarks and comparisons as we may have to make, we reproduce some paragraphs, (new to most of our readers) in which we noted down six years ago the observations and speculations into which we were led by the Conventions at that time.

"The popular musical movement in this country seems to be tending to something like a great organic unity;—or rather to several unities,—for there are rival organizations, all of which, in the nature of things, must finally be swallowed up in one. Observe, we speak of the popular movement, of the music which begins in singing schools and village choirs, and is for the people; proceeding from the first stirrings of the popular want, uneducated, unrefined, rather than from any high artistic centre. This development doubtless is not watched with pleasure by the professionally musical, and by those who have made fond acquaintance all their lives with the artistic productions of the old musical countries. Its rude, homely, puritanic taste; its perpetual drilling in bare elements, and perpetual discussion of them; its cart-loads of psalmody of home manufacture; and the Yankee trading shrewdness and seeming charlatanism of those who conduct it, through the whole hierarchy, from the simple country singing master, and the more metropolitan teachers, up to the 'great Panjandrum,' or Psalm-King, himself:—

all this distinguishes the popular movement, as a kind of illegitimate upstart, in the eyes of genuine musicians and amateurs, from what they conceive to be the true derivation and descent of taste in the old way from the highest and oldest reservoirs of musical attainment down through the multitudes. This giving of importance to the vulgar, homely taste for music, by organizing it, even though that taste accumulates the power in this way of improving itself, is naturally regarded by musicians, with whom music is an art, as something as profane musically, as it is orthodox and moral in its social origin. For ourselves, we believe that Music is destined to take possession of this American people in both ways; partly by the natural charm of the beautiful and grand already created in music, drawing congenial natures to itself; and partly by the organized combination of such plain psalm-singing propensities as we have, gradually rising to meet the influence which flows down from the true holy land of Art, now visited by the few alone who can appreciate its glories. In other words we think that the Italian opera, the orchestras of trained musicians, who play overtures and symphonies to such as begin to appreciate, the oratorio-performances in our cities, the accomplished virtuoso pianists and violinists, and *cantatrici* who make the tour of our States, give one great impulse to music in this country; and that the Teachers' Classes and Conventions; the common-school instructions, the multifarious manuals, psalm-books, glee-books, &c., of Lowell Mason, and his hosts of co-operators and rivals, in this field, do also give another impulse, not to be despised, but showing fruits from year to year, and actually converging towards and promising in due time to meet the first-named influence. That furnishes models, this creates audiences. That is like the books, the literature of the old world, the results of the advanced minds, offered to an infant and a savage race; this like the common schooling which teaches us to read them, by first teaching us plain sentences in dull primers, (and even such exercises become attractive through social combination.) That is the influence of sun and showers: this the artificial loosening of the surface of the soil, to make it more receptive.

"There is, then, both good and evil in these great organizations of singing masters and choristers now growing up; but we are sure the good preponderates.

"The Boston Academy of Music originated this plan of holding ten days' conventions of teachers every August, for the purpose of receiving instructions from competent professors in the elements and practice of sacred music, and in the best modes of teaching the same, fourteen years ago. The first class numbered only twelve persons. It soon increased to hundreds. Teachers, choir-leaders, and others flocked from all parts of the country, to Boston, to learn the art of teaching from the most successful masters. Combining, as they did, a considerable power of ready sight-singing in these meetings, they were naturally led to spend much of the session in practising new music, trying the new books which the professors had got ready for them to circulate when they went home, and by timid degrees even venturing upon some of the works of the great masters, to the manifest growth of enthusiasm and good taste. Considered as a speculation, or as a fête, this was too good a thing not to be imitated, and rival

Teachers' Institutes sprang up, particularly that of Messrs. Baker and Woodbury, who found ample field without encroaching on the other. Moreover the chiefs of these hierarchies, after holding their grand conventions at home, leave their emporium in the Autumn, and like enterprising bishops visit their respective dioceses among the cities of the West, holding teachers' conventions in Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and so forth, and establishing affiliated centres there."

Passing over a description of the musical exercises on the occasion after which this was written, we come to one peculiar feature of the Conventions:

"Handbills were distributed among the audience as they entered the hall, which seemed to be programmes of the concert, but which proved to be catalogues of a large auction sale of music and musical works, to take place in the evening. So that this great annual gathering becomes a fair or market, not only for the conductors who thus circulate their 'methods' and their 'collections,' but also for the music dealers and publishers of the city, who seize upon this rare chance to dispose of what lies dead upon their hands. And this suggests the objection, commonly urged against these conventions, of their trading spirit and the monopoly of the music market likely to be acquired by those who take the lead in them. It becomes no objection if the fact be generally understood. On the contrary it is a great mutual convenience; let the professors and book-makers find their interest in it, if they can. However low the tone which they might set in their writings (we only suppose a case) it is evident that the demand for better music will rise every year, by these opportunities of coming together in a musical centre; and that to satisfy the market it becomes more and more necessary for them to make good books. If the calculating persons, who may be suspected to have started this thing with an eye to their own interest, are not competent to guide it to the highest point, it will move on of itself, by its own momentum, by the mere force of accumulation, and pass them and their standard by."

"The good we anticipate from this organization is three-fold.

"First, the influence upon those engaged in it. We could not but feel, as we heard the choruses of Handel and the four-part songs of Mendelssohn sung by this vast assembly of persons, mostly of but ordinary culture and but little leisure, that this was for them the beginning of the highest culture. They had actually made acquaintance with some of the most exalted, most refined productions of the most refining of all arts. They had together shared the emotion of great music, and experienced an enthusiasm of a deeper, finer quality, than their lives before perhaps had furnished. The person who can comprehend, appreciate, feel Mendelssohn, has already won admission to the finer spheres of life. The Unitarian sentiment may also be mentioned here; the beneficial consciousness of combined action, of days spent rhythmically, and with orderly enthusiasm.

"Secondly, the influence upon musical taste and practice throughout the country. From their rural, isolated homes, where advantages for hearing higher kinds of music do not exist, these enterprising leaders of choirs and classes come up once a year to Jerusalem, to receive truer notions

of their art, and listen to great models, and go back to give the same tone to their respective circles and communities. The standard is thus rising throughout all the land. A musical emulation is excited in the most dull utilitarian places; and each year the leader carries with him more and more of his neighbors, who avail themselves of the increased facilities for travelling, to go up also and rekindle their musical imaginations at the great feast.

"Finally, we see in all this, as we intimated in the beginning of this article, a tendency to organic unity in the multifarious musical aspirations of this people. It is the natural tendency of music, where nothing interferes; it seeks combination, means of broader harmony, grander effects, and the composite enthusiasm of great numbers co-operating to one end. Wherever a considerable unity of this sort becomes once established, it attracts more and more force to it; all related elements gravitate towards it; to the teachers' class of Messrs. Webb and Mason, the choirs of Boston soon came and added themselves, for the numerous chorus thus afforded them; then came finally the orchestra; and accomplished virtuosos also will find a sphere opened for them upon these occasions which they have not at other times. *What then is to prevent these meetings from growing by degrees into great musical festivals, like those of London, Birmingham, and parts of Germany?* And all by a spontaneous accumulation and expansion, from rude beginnings made with simply what we had, taking up the popular taste as it was, and so organizing its first motions that they lend both weight and stimulus to each other, and rise collectively to an ever higher platform?"

PROVISION FOR THE MUSICIAN. A correspondent invites our attention to an article upon this subject in a London paper. The subject indeed claims the consideration of all interested in the worldly fate of those who minister to the soul's appetite for harmony. We say the *soul's* appetite, for the secret of the charm of harmony of sounds lies in the fact that it is the type of all other harmony, — moral, social, spiritual, celestial, as well as material. The article truly and feelingly shows how poorly, as a general thing, the professors of this divine art are cared for upon earth; but it only throws out some general hints toward a remedy. These, however, are valuable and may suggest something nearer to the end. The great length of the article (a little superfluous in some parts) prevents our copying the whole; but we have commenced giving on another page the more important portions of it.

IMPORTANT PUBLICATIONS. A large portion of our musical public, here and in all the musical centres of the country, will rejoice to learn that Messrs. Geo. P. Reed & Co. have now in press a cheap, convenient and beautiful edition of the entire oratorio, "Elijah," by Mendelssohn. This has long been a desideratum; for that noble music has become extremely popular wherever it has been performed as often and as well as by our "Handel and Haydn Society;" while no edition of the score could be procured, except the sumptuous one, copy-righted in England, which costs nearly *ten dollars*. The new edition will be printed on a royal octavo page, in fair and legible type, both notes and words, orna-

mented with a portrait of the lamented composer, and the price will not exceed *two dollars*. Every chorus singer should be the owner of a copy, and the performances of Mendelssohn's masterpiece (on a greater or less scale) be no longer limited to the large musical cities.

The same publishers have taken another excellent work in hand; namely, the reprint, in a style conformed as closely as possible to the German edition, of Schumann's Piano-forte "Album." The little book will make many lovers.

MADAME SONTAG. A lady correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* thus describes her hearing Sontag in London, at the time of the great Exhibition:

"We managed to reach Her Majesty's Theatre at the appointed time, and each of us was welcomed by Mr. Peabody with an exquisite bouquet! The opera was Auber's last, the *Prodigal Son*, and I was all anxiety for Sontag's first note. She came, and mellifluous, honey-sweet indeed were the sounds I heard. The voice is exquisite, flexible, full, with *hautbois* mellowness, but not the clarion ring of Grisi's superb organ or Jenny Lind's silver vibrating tones. She is stiff, or rather indifferent, stereotyped in movement, no longer very handsome, with pleasing expression and sweet dark eyes. She has no dramatic talent, no force, nothing of Grisi's strength and majesty of action; her vocalization is exquisitely perfect as the finest musical box; but, like that, it is a machine; she touched me not; she sings with no soul. She cannot approach Lind, for she has not the *genius* which burns within and lights up the unrivalled Swede! There is nothing *spiritual* in Sontag; she is a bird, warbling and carolling, deliciously 'tis true, but very near the earth; while Jenny Lind, with the earnest dedication of her marvellous gift to the highest aims of art, carries us with her, as in her inspiration she soars towards heaven."

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE TEACHERS' CONVENTION, under the direction of Messrs. BAKER and JOHNSON, assembled on Tuesday forenoon and will continue its session day and night until the 20th. The attendance during the day time, for the first three days, has averaged from two to three hundred; in the evening it has been much larger. A few hours each day have been spent in elementary lessons, but the greater part of the time, both morning, afternoon and evening, in the critical practice together of various kinds of music; at one time Psalmody, at another Glee, &c., at another Sacred Choruses. These last have occupied the evenings, and have consisted of some fine pieces, arranged with English words, from Masses, Offertories, &c., by Haydn, Hummel, Cherubini, Jacob Perez, &c., (mostly new to the singers here), sung from the sheets of a forthcoming new collection, called the "Classical Chorus Book." We understand that concerts will probably be given on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week, and that the Oratorio of "David" (why not something that wears better?) will make one of the programmes.

The hour of noon has been devoted to general discussion among the members of the Class, of topics connected with the teaching and popular progress of music. One interesting feature, which has occasionally varied the routine, and which might to advantage be made much more of, has been the specimens (by request) of organ-playing, by Mr. Wilcox, from New Haven, and Mr. Southard, one of the conductors of the Convention. These were altogether brief and modest, to be sure, but in good organ style.

THEATRES, HALLS, &c. It is now understood that the estate between the Melodeon and Mason Street has been purchased of the Gas Company by those who have in hand the providing of a new theatrical and opera house. In many respects an excellent situation.

The *Evening Gazette* says: "The new hall and concert room in Tremont Temple is said to have been suggested

by that in Exeter Hall, and the idea of its location in the third story founded upon that celebrated place for public meetings and gigantic concerts."

ALFRED JAEGL gave a concert at Newport Wednesday evening; and Madam BISHOP has been giving concerts there with good success.—ALBONI has sung twice at Saratoga to large and delighted audiences.—In New York a concert is announced by Madame STEPHANI, she who sings the extra high notes in the songs of the Queen of Night in the *Zauberflöte*.—The French comic opera continues its light, sparkling entertainments at Castle Garden—just the thing for summer in the city.

SONTAG. The Arctic, which sailed for Liverpool this week, is to return freighted with this melodious treasure. One of the Gotham music-dealers has placed on board a splendid thousand-dollar piano for the special use of the Countess on the voyage; and some wide-awake lady enthusiast has in like manner donated a luxurious rocking chair!

There is still doubt as to the *personale* of Madame Sontag's company; especially in the matter of pianist. One paper hears that it will be Emile Prudent; another that it will be Miss Arabella Goddard, "our young and rising pianist," as the London *Athenæum* says.

London.

ENGLISH OPERA. Balfe, with the aid of Bunn as dramatist, has produced at the Surrey Theatre what is said to be his *twentieth* opera. The *Times* comments on the sad fact that a man who has composed for the Grand Opera and Opera Comique of Paris, for Her Majesty's in London, &c., should now have to take refuge in a minor theatre.

The piece is a comic opera, called "The Devil's in it," and is a musical version of the old farce, "The Devil's to Pay," and the French ballet, *Le Diable à Quatre*, which has been performed in Boston and New York.

"We have the Count and his impetuous and tyrannical Countess—the basket-maker and his wife, so passionately addicted to dancing—and the other characters of the ballet, with nothing changed but their names. The story is well adapted to music, and Mr. Bunn has made the best of it, turning the prominent incidents to excellent account. Mr. Balfe has composed an opera, which, if it does not raise his fame as a musician, does not lessen it. It is a real *opera buffa*, tuneful, sparkling, natural, and full of life and vigor. The important situations are treated in a skilful manner, and the finales and concerted music exhibit the form and completeness which can only be derived from long practice and a thorough command of materials. Many of the pieces are in the composer's happiest vein, and two or three of them are equal in freshness and beauty to anything he has produced. The 'writing,' both for orchestra and voices in combination, as usual with Mr. Balfe, is always easy and polished. The general style of the music is light and fluent; there is no attempt at elaboration; and it is not a small thing to say, that from beginning to end there is nothing tedious, superfluous, or obtrusive."—*Times*, July 27.

The performance is said to have done great credit to the "minor" theatre. The principal singers were Miss Romer (who is manager, as well as *prima donna*) Miss Poole, as *mezzo soprano*, Mr. Borroni as bass, Mr. H. Corri, as baritone, &c. The *Daily News* says of Balfe:

"He has always shone in the *opera buffa*. His genius is akin to Auber's, whom he resembles in the variety of elegant and piquant melodies, in the neat construction of his busy scenes of concerted music, and in the brilliancy of his instrumentation. These qualities are conspicuous in all his comic pieces, and in none of them more than in this his last production; in which, indeed, he has shown even more than his usual gaiety and spirit."

MR. LUMLEY. The Morning *Chronicle* admirably sums up the past career of the great *impresario*, now forced to quit the hold which he has had for ten years upon London. It appears that he found the affairs of the Opera House in the Haymarket, in 1842, "in a perfect tangle of misfortune—a complicated cobweb, in one corner of which lay the bloated spider of Chancery." Bringing his bold talents and experience to bear upon it, he soon placed it upon such a financial footing, that he could devote himself to the development of the artistic resources of his theatre. To show how he discharged this duty, the *Chronicle* refers to its former detailed account of the various departments of industry, which go to make up a grand opera, and then begs its readers to multiply the effort there described by the number of operas which Mr. Lumley has brought out for the first time at Her Majesty's.

"Among these are *Don Carlos*, one of the scientific and elaborate works of M. Costa, at that time the musical director at Her Majesty's—*I Masnadieri*—Verdi's treatment of *The Robbers*, the charming *Figlia del Regimento* by Donizetti, Verdi's *Ernani*, Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo*, Auber's *Gustavus III.*, *Mosè in Egitto*, and *Il Prodigio*, Thalberg's first opera, *Florida*, Halévy's *Tempesta*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Herold's *Zampa*, Alary's *Tre Nozze*. Besides these are *I Due Foscari*, *I Lombardi*, *Nabuco*, *L'Ajo nel Embarras*, *I Cantatrice Villani*, *Medea*, *Adelia*, *Don Pasquale*, *Linda di Chamouni*, *La Favorita*, *Roberto Devereux*, *Maria di Rohan*, and the *Così Fan Tutti*. In this list each school of operatic music will be found illustrated by its best specimens, and the learned and classic style, the flowing and voluptuous, the gorgeous and melodramatic, and the sportive and sparkling, are each and all strikingly represented in the repertoire we have examined. Add to these the works which are termed 'stock' operas, &c. Mr. Lumley neither wedded himself to a single school, nor blindly tried every novel experiment that suggested itself; but, while selecting his music in that eminently catholic spirit which is inseparable from true art, he took care that what he submitted to his subscribers should, at all events, be the best of the particular school it professed to illustrate."

After alluding also to "two works of a hybrid character," viz., Felicien David's *Desert* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which Lumley was "compelled, by the sensation they produced elsewhere," to afford his subscribers the opportunity of hearing, the writer comes to the brilliant list of executants:

"Here is such a roll-call as has not often been heard—Jenny Lind, Sontag, Frezzolini, Parodi, Tadolini, Cruvelli, Moltini, Favanti, Castellani, Rita Boro, Catherine Hayes, Rossi Caccia, Giuliani, Ida Bertrand, Fiorentini, Caroline Duprez, Schwartz, Barbieri Nini, Alaymo, Corbari, De La Grange, Alboni. How it is that we cannot add Johanna Wagner's name to this list, they best know who know also for what England is alone to be valued. The names of Grisi, Persiani, and other celebrities who had made their English reputation before Mr. Lumley came into the management, will, of course, occur to all readers, who will also remember in how many brilliant evenings those great artists have 'assisted' under Mr. Lumley's régime."

"Among the male artists who have fulfilled engagements with Mr. Lumley are Lablache, Moriani, Rubini, Tamburini, Mario, Gardoni, Calzolari, Fraschini, Guasco, Baucarde, Sims Reeves, Ronconi, Belletti, Fornasari, Staudigl, Sapenta, Ferranti, Ferlotti, F. Lablache, and Coletti, with numerous artists of great, but of comparatively second rate merit, as Mercuriale, Susini, Fortini, and Bouché."

This list includes the names of nearly every vocalist who has had European reputation during the period of Lumley's management. After similar review of the ballet department, the writer thankfully and regretfully takes leave of Mr. Lumley, yet at the same time adding:

"We cannot, however, bring ourselves to believe, looking at all that Mr. Lumley has achieved for the interests of the lyric drama, that those who have so frequently and so loudly acknowledged his eminent services will consent to their final discontinuance; and we trust, for the credit of the public for whose higher tastes he has so efficiently and liberally provided, that an earnest and vigorous attempt will yet be made to avert so grave a calamity to the operatic stage."

Mlle. FAVANTI. Regarding the re-appearance of this lady at Her Majesty's, the critics "mingle praise and blame," some of them more harshly than the *News*, which says:

"Rossini's *Cenerentola* was presented for the fourth time, Mlle. Favanti sustaining the part of the persecuted heroine, in place of Mlle. Angri. Favanti is an English-woman (Miss Edwards), who was a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, and who subsequently sang in Naples. On the 23d of March, 1844, she made her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre as *Cenerentola*, and during the season performed the contralto parts of *Fidalmia*, *Orsini*, *Smeaton*, *Pippo*, and *Bonetto* in Ricci's *Corrado*; besides *Elvira*, in *Don Juan*; and *Adelgisa*, in *Norma*. Much controversy was raised by Mlle. Favanti's *debut* and the injudicious attempt to keep her before the public, in opposition to the opinions of the subscribers, was a fatal mistake of the management. Her return, after an absence of eight years, was looked upon with interest, to ascertain if the defects of her style had been amended by considerable practice in Italy. In one respect a marked improvement has certainly taken place; the production of the voice is no longer attended with the same disagreeable effect, as in 1844. In point of execution something has also been gained in precision; but her imperfect intonation has not yet been remedied; and, with one of the finest voices a vocalist was ever gifted with, Mlle. Favanti still retains the exaggerations which were noticed in former days. Like Mlle. Cruvelli, the organ of Mlle. Favanti ranges from the highest to the lowest of the soprano and contralto registers, and in quality it is infinitely more sympathetic. She fails because she has never thoroughly mastered her scales, and she labors to astonish not to charm. The music of the concerted pieces she sacrifices entirely; in this respect it must be admitted that she only follows the example of Alboni;

but Mlle. Favanti's great error as a lyric actress has been and is, in supposing that the *ensemble* of a delineation may be dispensed with, for the sake of the *rondo finale*; and, so long as she adopts this view, her beautiful voice will not suffice to place her in the rank of a *prima donna*. The interpretation of the opera, with the exception of Calzolari's *Ramiro*, most artistically sung, was very unsatisfactory. Lablache was unwell, and out of spirits, and omitted the *Miei rampolli*."

NEW MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The *News*, of July 29th, says: "A new association, for the purpose of performing sacred and classical music both by the ancient and modern schools, has been formed. The performances are to take place in Exeter Hall, under the direction of BENEDICT, the composer and pianist, and Bach's *Passione* will be one of the earliest novelties. The band and chorus are to be on the grandest scale, comprising the best amateur as well as professional talent. The object of the society will be to strike out a new path by affording an opportunity to living composers to produce their oratorios or cantatas. The greatest attention is to be bestowed on the rehearsals."

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY have published a report for the year 1851, from which it appears that the 21 concerts of that year produced upwards of 9,000*l.*, and that the ordinary expenses connected with them were nearly 7,600*l.* Including subscriptions, the gross receipts of the year exceeded 10,000*l.* Exeter Hall is now closed for alterations and re-decoration; and important improvements are to be made in the organ, which will be entirely reconstructed.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. M. Jullien's Opera: *Pietro il Grande* is in active rehearsal. Mlle. Zerr and Sig. Tamberlik are in the cast. "Vivian" has great faith in Jullien, "if he will only be Jullien," and not let popularity force him, like Halévy, into attempting *grand* operas.

Italy.

The first number of the *Gazzetta Musicale di Napoli*, a new periodical, contains a few notices indicating that musical life is not utterly asleep in the absolutist capital. Even at this burning season, 'Piedigrotta,' a new opera in four acts, by Signor Luigi Ricci, just produced at the 'Teatro Nuovo,' seems to have been moderately successful. Another opera by Maestro Battista is in preparation at the same theatre, with the title of 'Il Corsaro della Gundalupa.' This will be followed by the 'Violetta' of Mercadante. At the 'Teatro Fondo,' 'Dottor Sabato,' by Maestro Puzzone, and 'Elena di Tolosa,' by Maestro Petrella, are promised.—No singer who has not been already named in the *Athenæum* is spoken of, with the exception of Signor Pancaani, a tenor. The critic compliments him on the possession of a good organ, vigorous and masculine, especially in its middle notes,—but continues, "as a singer we can say little for him. In 'Otello' he makes his task easy, by depriving his part of the larger part of its florid ornaments, which require vocal agility."—The *maestri* invited to write for the 'Teatro San Carlo' during the coming winter are announced to be, Signori Mercadante, De Giosa and Staffa. "The last maestro," says the 'Gazzetta,' "in order to obtain new musical effects has sought for a subject of the fanciful description;—and to avoid competition with operas of the same description has suggested as subject"—the reader will hardly guess what—"Alcesteis." Signor Verdi is described as having his hands too full of commissions to have time to promise anything new to 'San Carlo.' Nor is Signor De Giosa *accused*, since he, too, is said to be in request,—being at present occupied in setting 'Diego Garias' for the Grand Theatre at Trieste. The same 'Gazzetta' announces an interesting acquisition just made by the Library of the College of Music. This is a collection of MSS. by Cimarosa. "It is well known," says the paragraph, "that the Maestro sent everything that he composed to Cardinal Gonsalvi, who was his warm admirer, and who bequeathed the collection to Signor Paola Cimarosa, son of the composer. This gentleman has disposed of the MSS. (which include many unpublished works) to the College of Music, for the sum of two thousand ducats, and a life annuity of seventy ducats."—*London Athenæum*.

SWEDEN, which has already produced Jenny Lind and Mlle. Nissen, has just sent another songstress, who is said to possess a beautiful voice, most excellently cultivated. This lady's name is Mlle. Westersland. She is at present staying in Berlin, in order to perfect herself in the German language.

Advertisements.

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THE ANNUAL MUSIC TEACHERS' INSTITUTE and Musical Convention, under the direction of the subscribers, will be held the present year, in the MELBORN, commencing on TUESDAY, Aug. 10, at 9 o'clock, A. M., continuing in session ten days. Tickets, \$3 each, may be obtained at A. N. Johnson's Piano Forte and Music Store, No. 36 School Street. Clergymen, ladies who can sing, and members of former classes are invited to attend free of charge.

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